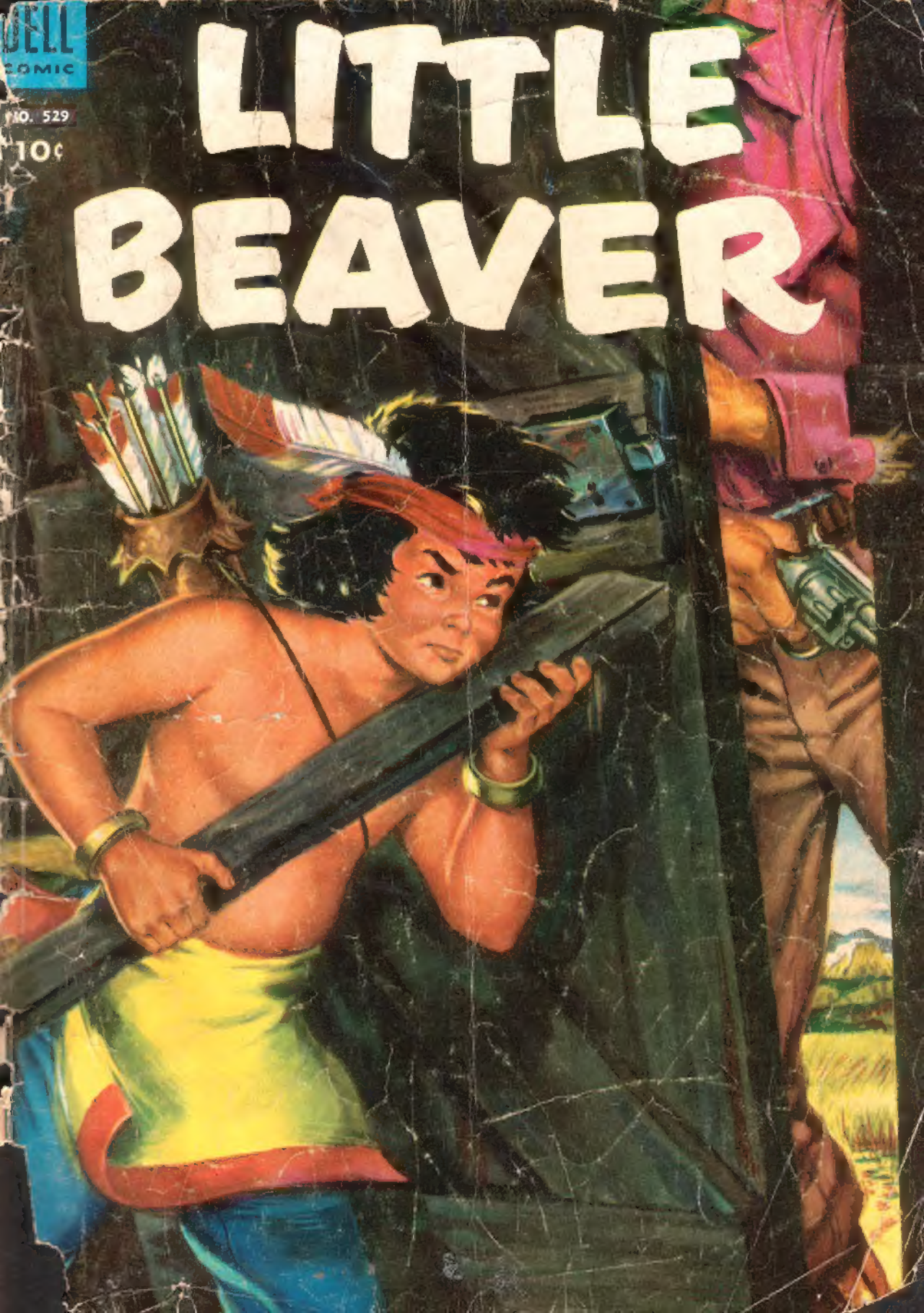
DELL
COMIC
NO. 529
10¢
LITTLE
BEAVER

INDIAN TOSS AND CATCH GAMES

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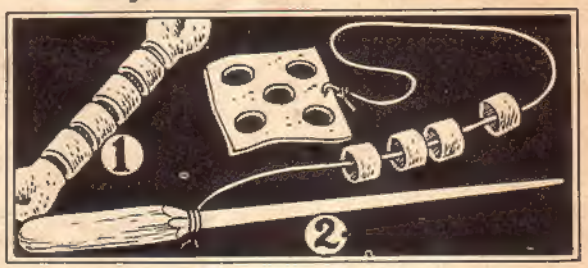
You can make an Indian Toss and Catch game with a few simple odds and ends. Let's try it! From a large soup bone saw out four sections, each 1 inch wide, Fig. 1. Now whittle out a wooden "skewer" stick, Fig. 2, about 24 inches long and small enough from point to handle to slip loosely through the bone rings. At the top of the handle tie one end of a 4-foot cord, Fig. 2. String the bone rings on the cord. At the loose end of the cord tie a square of stiff leather in which you have cut five holes large enough to slip over the skewer point.

Now swing the string of bone rings in the air and try to catch the bones on the skewer. Catch them in the order in which they are strung, beginning with the one nearest the skewer. Then catch the leather square.

When playing the game with friends, paint the bone rings for points, thus: the bone nearest the skewer is red, 5 points; the next blue, 10 points; the next yellow, 15 points; and the last one black, 20 points. Each hole in the leather counts 10 points. 100 successive points win the game.



Another Toss and Catch game can be made with a simple hoop and wooden spear. Make the spear of hard wood, 5 feet long, and slightly heavier at the butt end where a sharp point is added, see Fig. A.

With light leather thongs, or cords, tie a cross in the small hoop, Fig. B. Now give the hoop a roll and try to stop it by spearing through it into soft earth or grass.

If two or more play the game, scores may be kept by painting 6-inch-wide rings on spear, beginning at the point. The first ring is red (25 points), the next is blue (15 points), the next is yellow (10 points), and the last is black (5 points). The object is to stop the hoop with as little of the spear through it as possible, as the farther the spear goes through the hoop the less your score.

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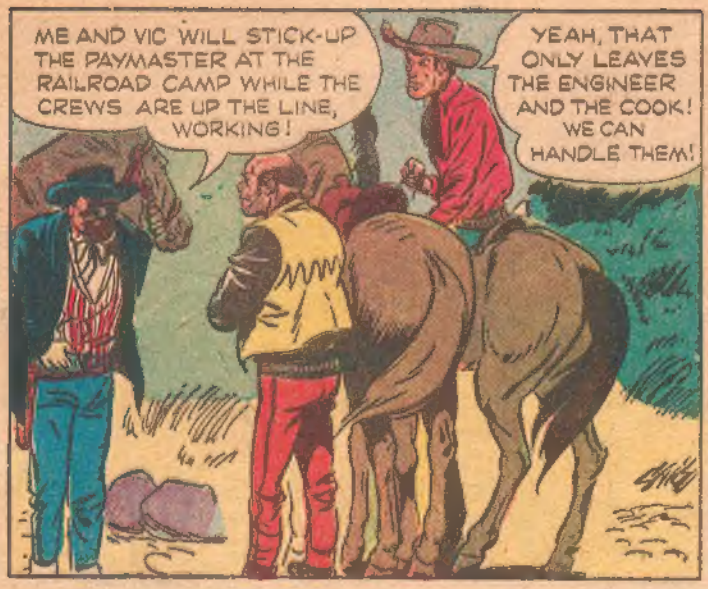
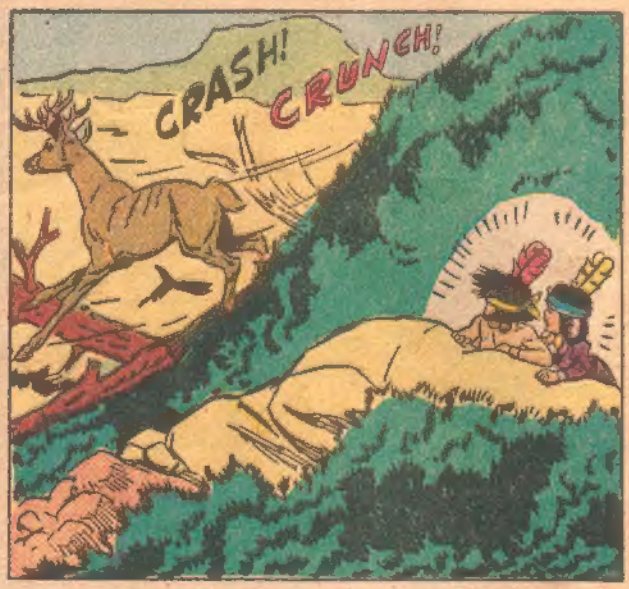
LITTLE BEAVER
RAILROAD BUILDERS SURE SCARE-UM DEER!
THERE BE-UM DEER NOW, LITTLE BEAVER! HE GO-UM IN BOX CANYON!
LITTLE BEAVER AND PO-KO ARE TRAILING A DEER THEY'VE JUST SPOTTED...
FRED HARMAN
ME GET-UM DEER NOW! SELL-UM HIDE, AND BUY-UM BIG, GOLD WATCH LIKE FIRE-ENGINE MAN HAVE!
ME MAKE-UM YOU NICE DEER-SKIN POUCH TO PUT-UM WATCH IN, LITTLE BEAVER!
PO-KO BE-UM REAL QUIET NOW! WE TRACK-UM DEER ON FOOT!
SHHH! ME THINK ME HEAR-UM NOW!
EARS PLAY-UM TRICKS! LITTLE BEAVER HEAR-UM VOICES!
VOICES COME FROM OVER THERE, LITTLE BEAVER! LISTEN!


ME AND VIC WILL STICK-UP THE PAYMASTER AT THE RAILROAD CAMP WHILE THE CREWS ARE UP THE LINE, WORKING!
YEAH, THAT ONLY LEAVES THE ENGINEER AND THE COOK! WE CAN HANDLE THEM!

ARE YA SURE YA GOT IT STRAIGHT, TATER? ME 'N VIC ARE GONNA STEAL THE ENGINE, AND YOU'RE TO MEET US AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL!
WITHOUT THE ENGINE, THEY'LL BE A LONG TIME GETTIN' TO THE SHERIFF! BY THEN WE'LL BE OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

BAD MEN BE PLANNING TO ROB-UM RAILROAD PAYMAN! WE GO WARN-UM!


CRASH!
CRUNCH!

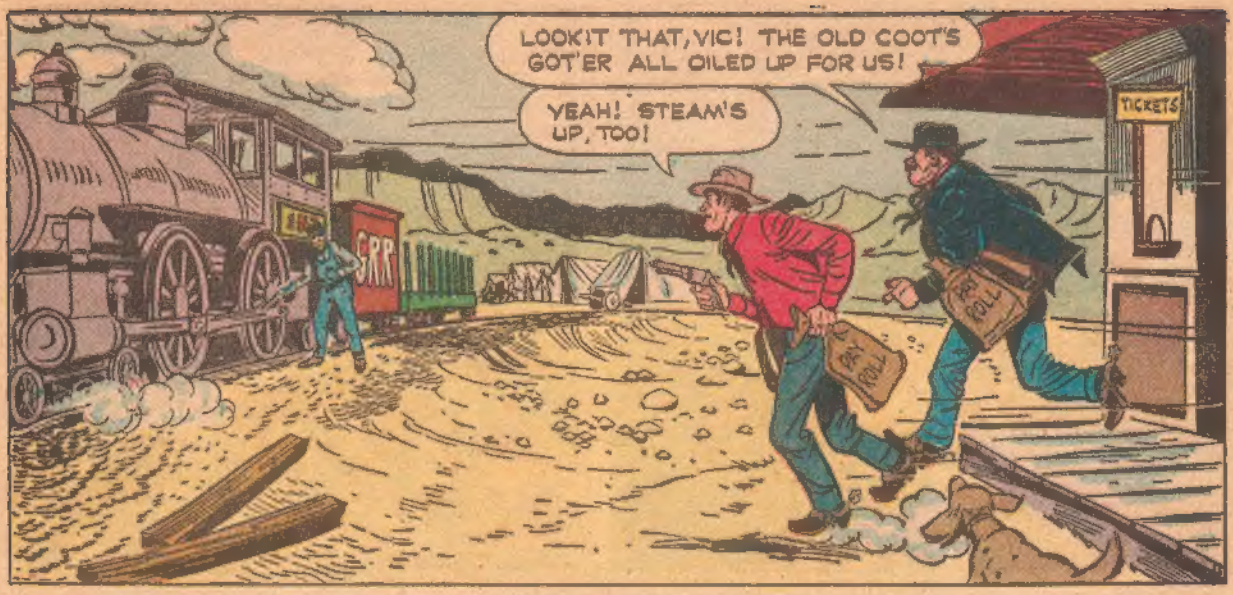
WHAT...
GET-UM DOWN, PO-KO!

WHAT IS IT, GRIFF?
SHUT UP AND WE'LL FIND OUT!
INJUN KIDS!
WHAT THEY DOIN', GRIFF?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW, STUPID!
BET THEY HEARD EVERY WORD WE SAID - WE'D BETTER TIE 'EM UP!
YOU NO GET-UM AWAY WITH THIS! SHERIFF NEWT CATCH-UM BAD MEN, YOU BETCHUM!
LOOK KID, NO SHERIFF'S GONNA GIT US! I USED TO BE A RAILROAD ENGINEER ...TILL I GOT CANNED, SO I GOT THIS JOB PLANNED, BUT GOOD!
COME ON, GRIFF, IT'S GETTING LATE! WE GOTTA HURRY!
OKAY! TATER, YOU TIE UP THE KIDS! THEN MEET US AT THE TUNNEL.... AND DON'T FORGET THE HORSES!
OUR GOOSE SURE BE COOKED NOW, LITTLE BEAVER!
SHHH...PO-KO, BE-UM READY TO RUN!

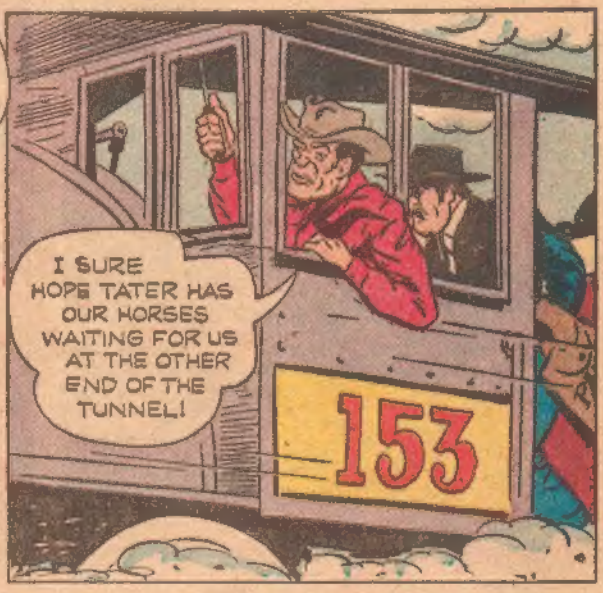
ME GRAB HANDFUL OF DIRT, AND...
OWWww! MY EYES!
HURRY, PO-KO, MAKE-UM WIDE APART TRACKS!
ME ALREADY RUNNIN' LIKE-UM ANTELOPE!
WHY YOU STOP-UM, LITTLE BEAVER?
ME GET-UM IDEA!
GET-UM UP IN TREE QUICK, PO-KO!

HERE, PO-KO, TAKE-UM ROCK!
AIEE! JUST MADE IT, POKO! MAN RIGHT BEHIND US!
WHERE YA HIDIN', YA LITTLE FEATHERED VARMINTS? I'LL GITCHA BOTH, AND WHEN I DO...
HELP! WE BE-UM STUCK INSIDE HOLLOW TREE!
WELL, I'LL BE...
HAW! HAW! NOW I'LL GETCHA! YOU BRATS WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!
COME OUTA THERE, YA LITTLE MONSTERS!
ME FIX-UM TATER, GOOD!

THUD!
UGG-H!
HIM OUT COLD, LIKE NORTH STAR! WE TIE-UM UP NOW!
LITTLE BEAVER HEAP SMART!
THERE! THAT HOLD-UM HIM!
WHAT WE DO NOW, LITTLE BEAVER?
TOO LATE TO WARN-UM CAMP NOW! WE BETTER GO GET-UM SHERIFF NEWT!
MEANWHILE...
OK, POP, REACH! THIS IS A STICK-UP!
PAYMASTER
WHAT A HAUL! WE GOT THE WHOLE PAYROLL!
GOOD! LET'S GET GOIN'!


LOOKIT THAT, VIC! THE OLD COOT'S GOT'ER ALL OILED UP FOR US!
YEAH! STEAM'S UP, TOO!
TICKETS
CRR
EXPRESS
EXPRESS

TAKE A NAP, STEAM-HERDER! WE'LL DRIVE FOR YA!
MY KNOWIN' HOW TO RUN THIS ENGINE SURE MAKES THIS JOB A CINCH!


I SURE HOPE TATER HAS OUR HORSES WAITING FOR US AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL!
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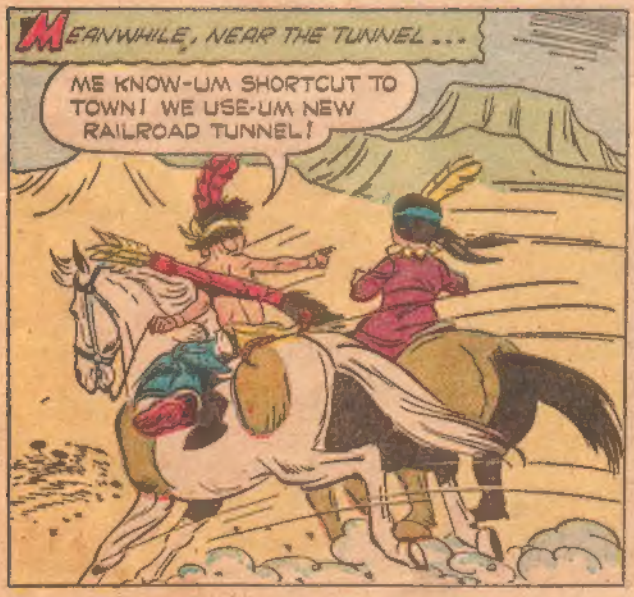
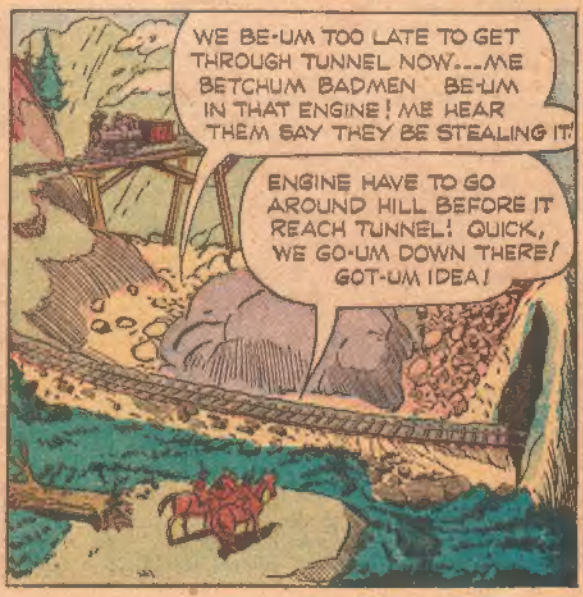
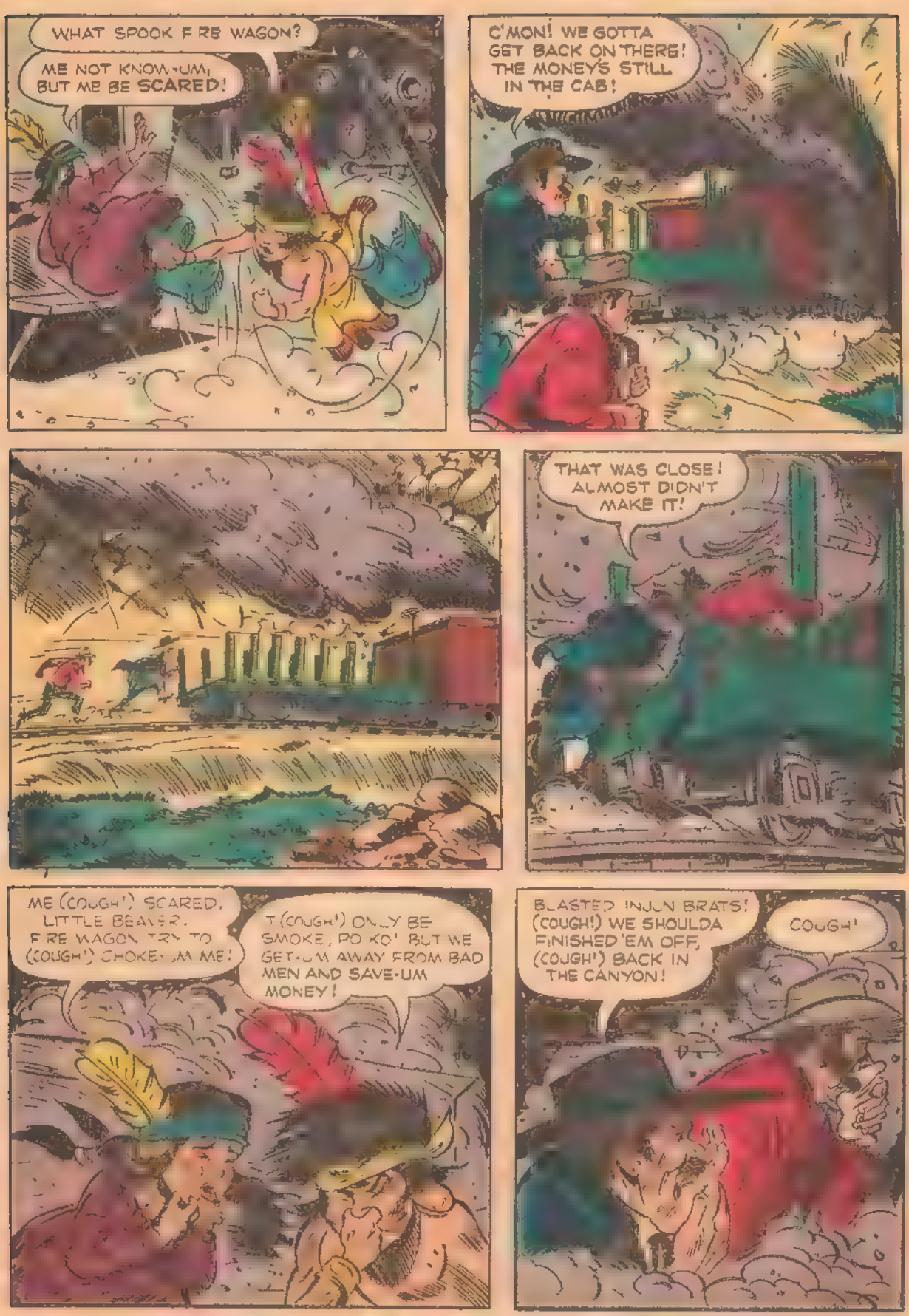

MEANWHILE, NEAR THE TUNNEL...
ME KNOW-UM SHORTCUT TO TOWN! WE USE-UM NEW RAILROAD TUNNEL!


WE BE-UM TOO LATE TO GET THROUGH TUNNEL NOW...ME BETCHUM BADMEN BE-UM IN THAT ENGINE! ME HEAR THEM SAY THEY BE STEALING IT!
ENGINE HAVE TO GO AROUND HILL BEFORE IT REACH TUNNEL! QUICK, WE GO-UM DOWN THERE! GOT-UM IDEA!

PO-KO, YOU AND PONIES GO HIDE IN BRUSH!
ME BETTER HURRY! NO GOT-UM MUCH TIME!
THIS BE-UM HEAP HARD WORK!
JUST IN TIME! TRAIN ALMOST BE HERE!
HAIEE!... THERE THEY GO!
CRUMP! CRASH!

STOP'ER, VIC! LOOKS LIKE A SLIDE UP AHEAD!
BLAST THE LUCK! WE'RE ALMOST THERE, TOO!
LET'S WALK, GRIFF!
NAW, IT'LL ONLY TAKE A COUPLE MINUTES TO CLEAR THESE ROCKS!
TOO BAD WE NOT BEAT-UM MEN THROUGH TUNNEL! WE GOT TO WARN-UM SHERIFF NEWT!
BAD MEN BE PLENTY MAD WHEN THEY NO FIND-UM HORSES! MAYBE THEY TRY TO ESCAPE WITH MONEY IN FIRE ENGINE!
MEBBE THEY ESCAPE BUT MONEY NOT! WE SAVE-UM THAT RIGHT NOW!
SHH, PO-KO! DON'T MAKE-UM NOISE!
GRR

SEE IF MONEY BE IN SATCHEL, PO-KO! ME CLIMB UP ON SEAT! KEEP-UM EYE ON MEN!
HERE BE-UM MONEY!
WHEW! GLAD THAT'S F N SHED!
LOOK! IT'S THAT INJUN KID! HE MUSTA GOT UNTIED!
OOPS! ME BUMP-UM INTO B G IRON ST CK!
STEAM POURS OUT OF THE ENGINE... AND THE WHEELS BEGIN TO TURN...
AA!EE-E-E-AA!
HEY! THAT KID STARTED THE ENG NE...IT'S MOVING!


WHAT SPOOK F RE WAGON?
ME NOT KNOW-UM, BUT ME BE SCARED!
C'MON! WE GOTTA GET BACK ON THERE! THE MONEY'S STILL IN THE CAB!
THAT WAS CLOSE! ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT!
ME (COUGH') SCARED, LITTLE BEAVER. F RE WAGON TRY TO (COUGH') CHOKE-UM ME!
T (COUGH') ONLY BE SMOKE, PO KO! BUT WE GET-UM AWAY FROM BAD MEN AND SAVE-UM MONEY!
BLASTED INJUN BRATS! (COUGH!) WE SHOULDA FINISHED 'EM OFF, (COUGH!) BACK IN THE CANYON!
COUGH!

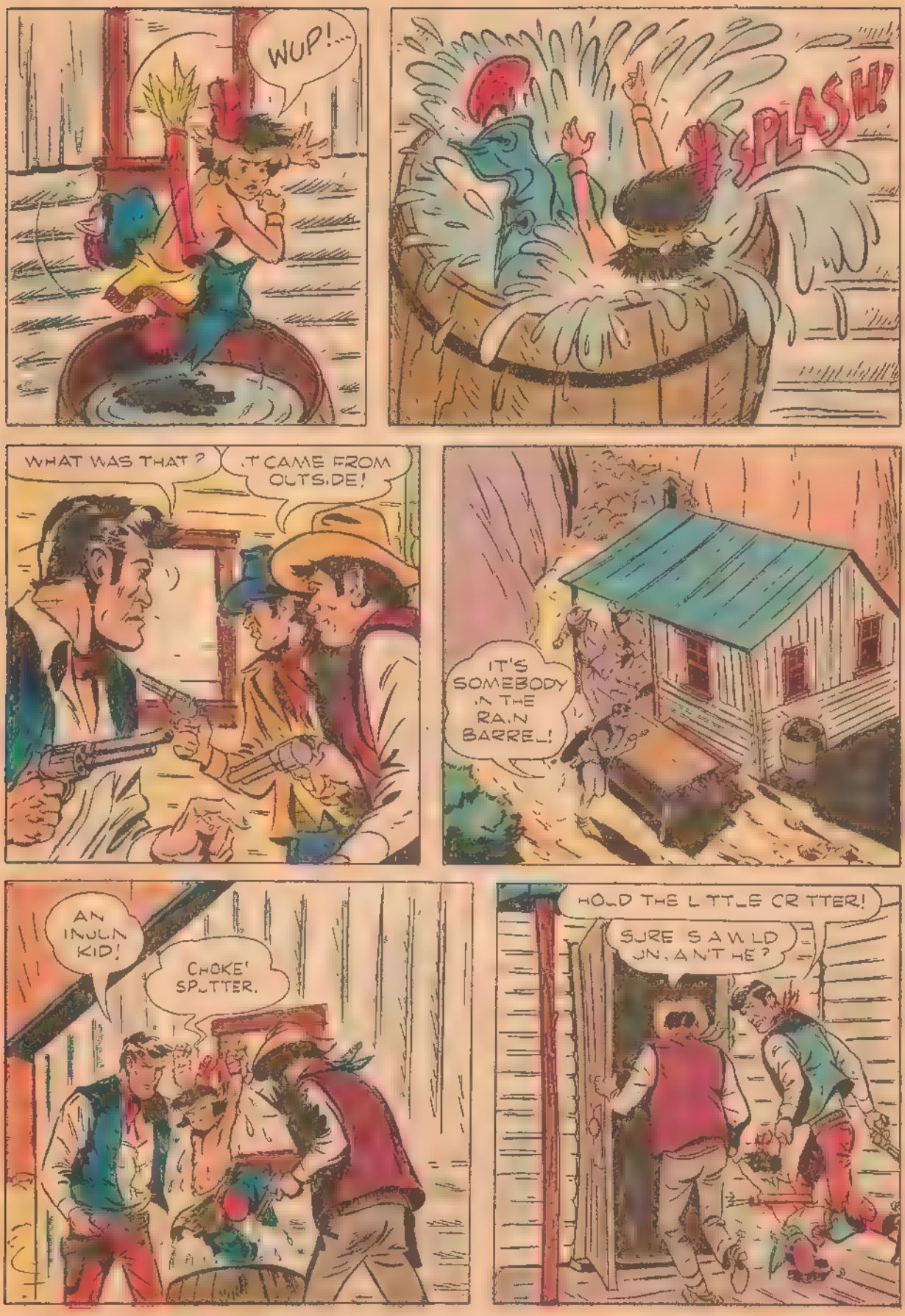
TATER AIN'T HERE WITH THE HORSES! WE CAN'T MAKE A GETAWAY NOW, EVEN IF WE DO STOP THE ENGINE!
YOU'RE RIGHT! OUR ONLY CHANCE NOW IS TO GET INTO THE CAB, AND BLAZE CLEAR ON THROUGH TOWN TO THE HILLS!
WE SIGHT BAD MEN WITH FIRE.
LITTLE BEAVER! LOOK! BAD MENS!
ARRE-E-E-E!
BANG!
BANG!
YI-YEEE! LITTLE NOON WHELPS!
GRR
THEY CRAWL-UM BACK AND HIDE, LITTLE BEAVER!
ME READY IF THEY TRY-UM AGAIN' PULL-UM NOISEMAKER, PO-KO' WE GET-UM NEAR TOWN!
ME SEE-UM TOWN NOW, LITTLE BEAVER!
WHOOO
WHOOO
WHOOO

IN TOWN...
SHERIFF NEWT
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION?
SOUNDS LIKE A TRAIN WHISTLE...AND GUNFIRE,TOO! LET'S GET DOWN TO THE STATION!
DANGED IF IT DON'T LOOK LIKE LITTLE BEAVER AND PO-KO ARE IN THAT ENGINE! HEY-AND THOSE HOMBRES ARE SHOOTIN' AT 'EM! LET'S GO HELP THE KIDS!
BANG!
BANG!
OWWW! THEY WINGED ME!
YII-I-I-E-E-E!
FIRE WAGON RUN-UM WILD! HOW ME STOP-UM?
PULL THE HANDLE ON RIGHT, LITTLE BEAVER! PULL ER BACK AND HOLD ER!

HOPE TH S STOP-UM DEMON ENGINE!
WHAT S THIS ALL ABOUT LITTLE BEAVER?
BAD MEN STEAL-UM RA'LROAD MONEY, SHERIFF NEWT!
53
YOU TWO ARE SURE A COUPLE OF SAD-LOOKING HOMBRES!
GIT US INTO A CELL QUICK, SHERIFF! THAT INJUN KID IS POISON!
AND PICK-UM UP TATER, SHERIFF NEWT! HE BE-UM NEAR OTHER END OF TUNNEL... HEAP MAD, AND ALL TIED UP!
THE NEXT DAY
RAILROAD CO.
...SO, ON BEHALF OF THE RAILROAD, I PRESENT YOU THIS GOLD RAILROADER'S WATCH!
WHERE BE-UM WATCH-POUCH PO-KO SAY SHE MAKE-UM FOR LITTLE BEAVER?
STILL ON-UM DEER LITTLE BEAVER NO GET!

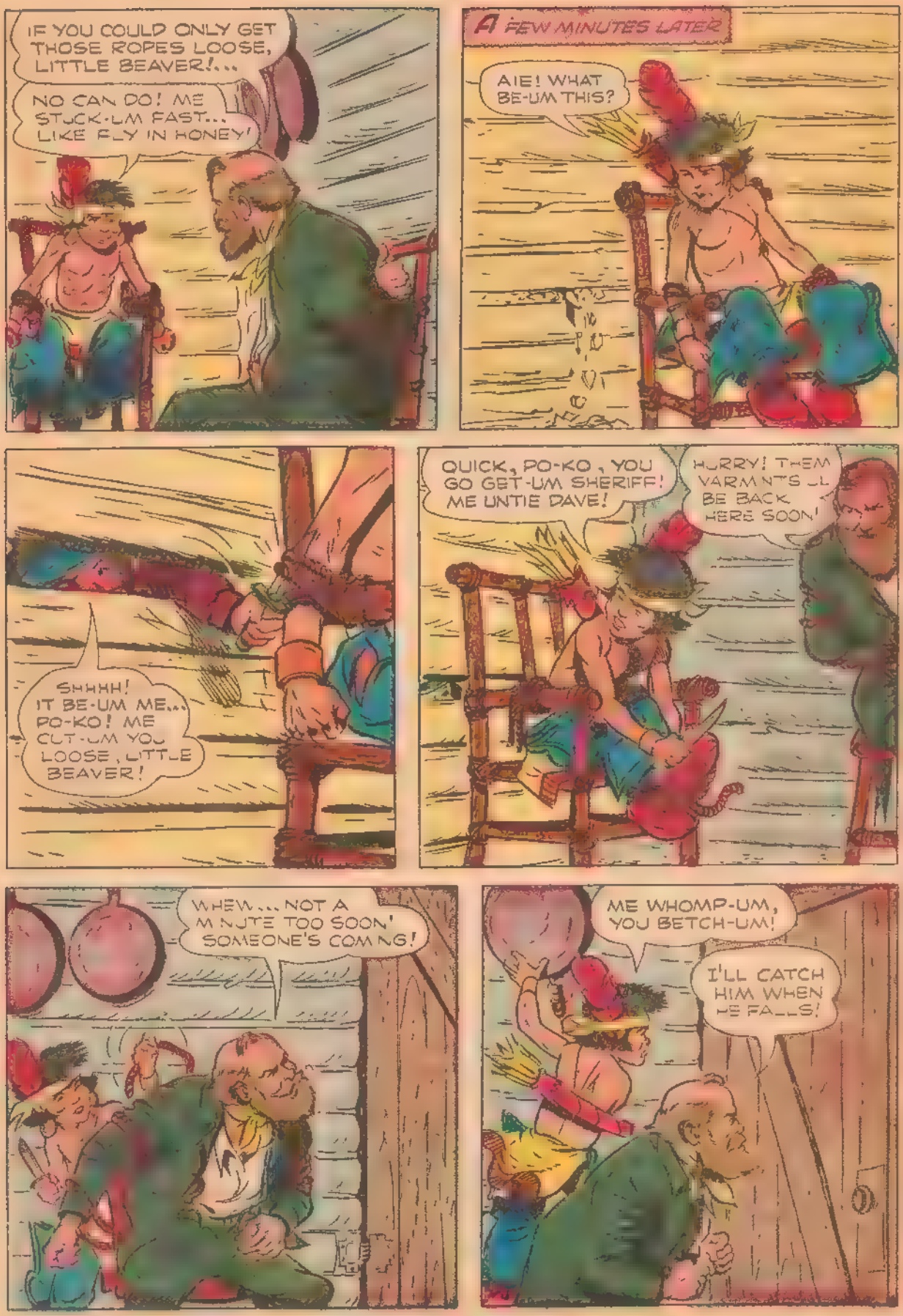
LITTLE BEAVER
BY
FRED HARMAN
LITTLE BEAVER AND PO-KO ARE DELIVERING A PIE FROM AUNTIE DUCHESS TO THE OLD RETIRED PROSPECTOR, DAVE WHALEY...
WHY AUNTIE DUCHESS NOT SEND-UM ME ALONE WITH PIE, PO-KO?
AUNTIE DUCHESS WANT-UM MAKE SURE PIE REACH-UM OLD DAVE IN ONE PIECE!
PO-KO TRY TO BE FUNNY!
THERE OLD DAVE'S CABIN NOW! LOOK-UM LIKE HE GOT COMPANY!
OH! OH! HIM GOT-UM BAD COMPANY! THAT BIG ONE KURT GARRETT!. WE BETTER HIDE-UM, AND SEE WHAT HE BE DOING OUT HERE!
OLD DAVE IN HEAP BIG TROUBLE, YOU BETCHUM! BAD MENS BE DRAGGUM HIM IN CABIN!
WHAT WE DO NOW, LITTLE BEAVER?
YOU STAY HERE, PO-KO! ME GO INVEST GATUM!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER..
RAIN BARREL SLICK LIKE TROUT FISH!
C'MON, YOU ORNERY OLD COOT! WE HEARD IN TOWN YA GOT LOTS O GOLD STACHED AWAY HERE! NOW WHERE IS IT?
MAYBE THIS'LL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!
WHAP!
YA GOTTA HAVE GOLD HIDDEN HERE, YA OLD VARMINT! ELSE HOW COME YOU RET RED?
I QUIT PROSPECTIN' 'CAUSE I'M OLD AN' TIRED... BUT I SURE AS HECK AIN'T RICH... YOU COYOTES SHOULD KNOW BETTER N TO BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR!
ME BETTER GET-UM SHERIFF, PRONTO!


WUP!...
SPLASH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE!
IT'S SOMEBODY IN THE RAIN BARREL!
AN INJUN KID!
CHOKE! SPUTTER.
HOLD THE LITTLE CRITTER!
SURE SAWLD ON, AIN'T HE?

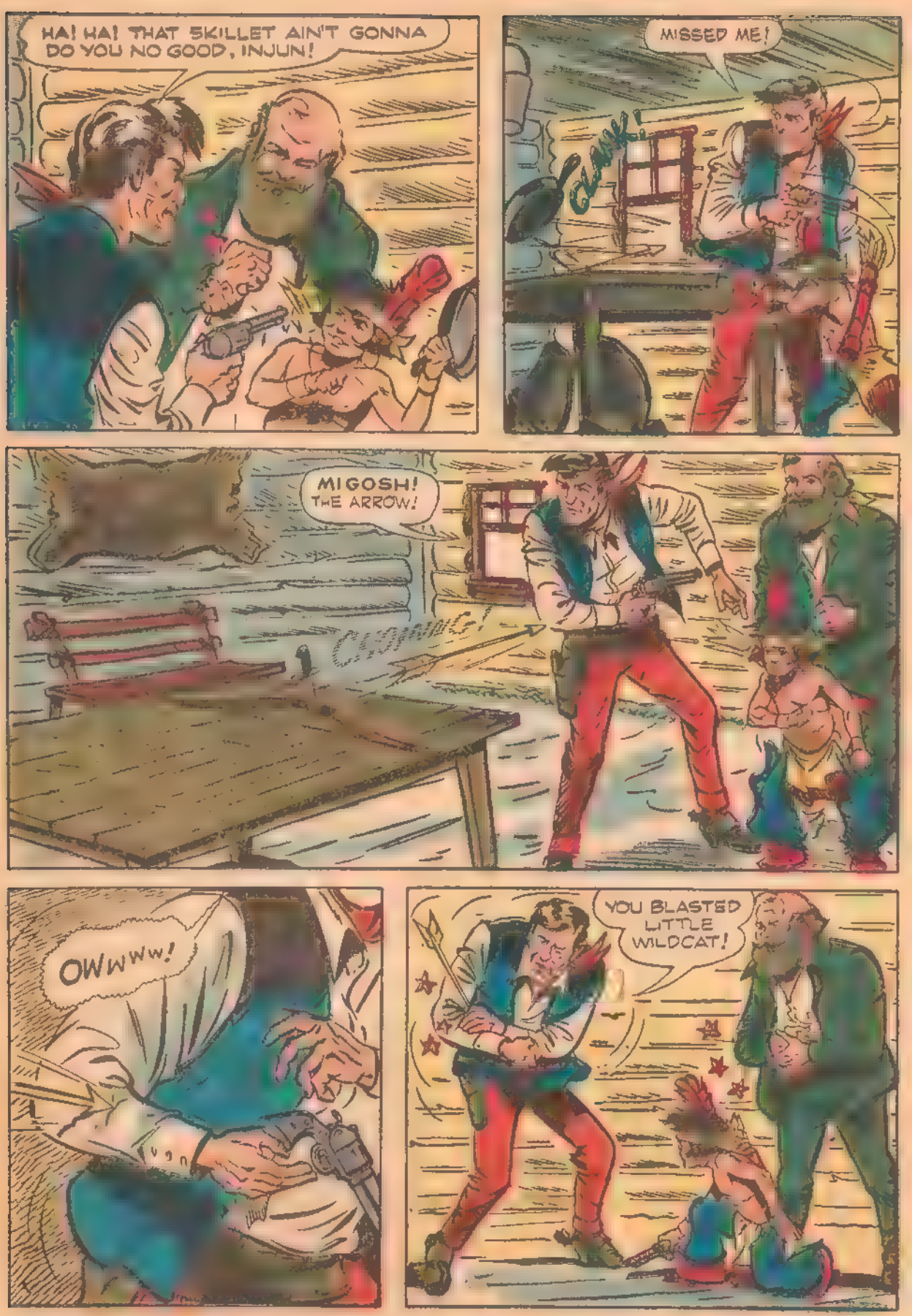
LITTLE BEAVER!
SO THE TWO OF 'EM ARE FRIENDS... MEBBE I CAN USE THIS KID TO MAKE THE OLD MAN TALK!
PETE, YOU AND SAM TIE TH' TWO OF 'EM IN CHAIRS! PUT THE KID AGAINST THE FAR WALL, AND THE OLD MAN HERE BY THE DOOR!
NOW GET ME TWO BUCKETS, PETE! AND PUNCH A SMALL HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF THEM! I GOT AN IDEA THAT'S GONNA MAKE THE OLD MAN GLAD TO GIVE US HIS GOLD!
THERE, NOW IT'S FINISHED! AND IF YOU VALUE THE KIDS LIFE, YOU'D BETTER TELL US ABOUT THE GOLD, 'CAUSE WHEN THAT BOTTOM BUCKET GETS HEAVY, IT'LL PULL THAT FORK OUT OF THE TABLE... AND WHEN IT DOES...
IT'LL SHOOT THE ARROW DIRECTLY AT LITTLE BEAVER!

RIGHT... WHEN YOU GET READY TO TALK, JUST GIVE US A HOLLER, YA OLD COOT!
SWEAT IT OUT, KID!
ONE OF US'LL CHECK ON YOU TWO IN A FEW MINUTES!
THAT SETUP WOULD MAKE A SHE-BEAR GIVE UP HER CUB, KURT!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! TELL YOU WHAT, WHILE WE'RE WAITIN' FOR OL' DAVE T' CHANGE HIS MIND, LET'S PLAY CARDS!
I SHORE AM SORRY TO SEE YOU MIXED UP IN THIS, LITTLE BEAVER!
ME SORRY TOO, DAVE! BUT WE NEVER MAKE-UM BAD MEN BELIEVE YOU NO GOT-UM GOLD!

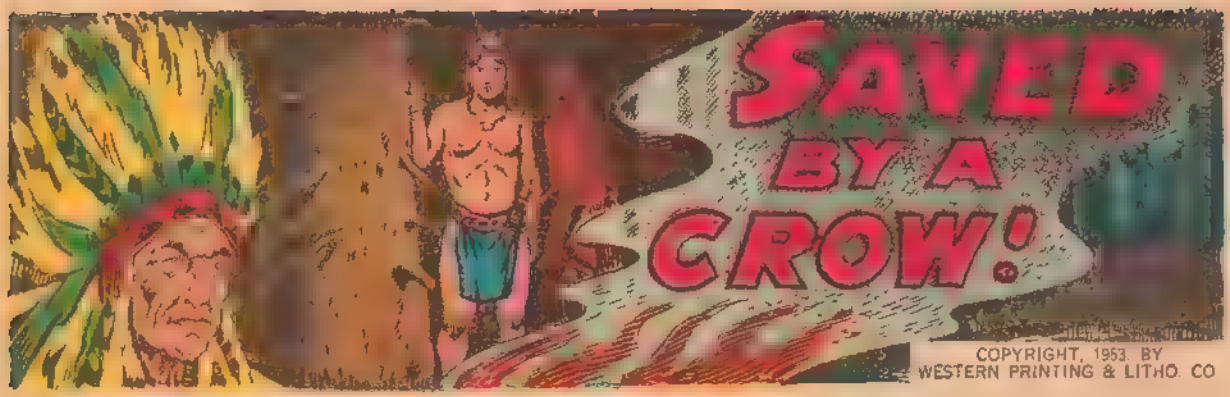

IF YOU COULD ONLY GET THOSE ROPES LOOSE, LITTLE BEAVER!...
NO CAN DO! ME STUCK-UM FAST... LIKE FLY IN HONEY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER
AIE! WHAT BE-UM THIS?
SHHHH! IT BE-UM ME... PO-KO! ME CUT-UM YOU LOOSE, LITTLE BEAVER!
QUICK, PO-KO, YOU GO GET-UM SHERIFF! ME UNTIE DAVE!
HURRY! THEM VARMINTS'LL BE BACK HERE SOON!
WHEW... NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON! SOMEONE'S COMING!
ME WHOMP-UM, YOU BETCH-UM!
I'LL CATCH HIM WHEN HE FALLS!

WHEW! CAUGHT HIM!
GRAB THAT RUG! AND TIE 'S HOMBRE UP, LITTLE REA 2! DON'T LET HIM GET HEART UP!
YOU BET'CHA-UM.
ME THINK-UM T BE GOOD IDEA IF WE LEAVE-UM N HURRY!
I GOT A SCHEME TO GET A POST THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
EVERYTHING OKAY WITH THERE SAM?

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG IN THERE!
BLAM!
WHAT THE...
OWWW! MY LEG!
BAM! BAM!
OH, NO YA DON'T, YA BRAT! YOU LEAVE THAT GUN ALONE!
YOU BE SORRY SOON! SHERIFF ON WAY HERE NOW!
A HECK OF A LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO YA' I'M SENDIN' YA TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS, RIGHT NOW!


HA! HA! THAT SKILLET AIN'T GONNA DO YOU NO GOOD, INJUN!
MISSED ME!
CLANK!
MIGOSH! THE ARROW!
CLUNK!
OWWWW!
YOU BLASTED LITTLE WILDCAT!

FIRST TIME ME EVER SHOOT-UM ARROW IN TH- SKILLET!
YOU SHORE DID A BANG-UP JOB, LITTLE BEAVER! SORRY I WASN'T MORE HELP!
YOUR WOUND NOT BE BAD, DAVE! I FIX-UM UP GOOD!
MEANWHILE...
ME NO SEE BADMEN, SHERIFF! MAYBE WE BE TOO LATE!
THEIR HORSES ARE STILL THERE! AND THERE'S SOMEONE LYIN' IN THE DOORWAY!
LITTLE BEAVER...THANK GOODNESS! WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU ALIVE!
AND YOU CATCH-UM BADMEN!
THESE OWLHOOT VARMINTS HAVE BEEN ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE FOR A LONG TIME, AND THANKS TO YOU, LITTLE BEAVER, THEY SURE GOT IT!
LATER...
LITTLE BEAVER TAKE-UM HARD WAY TO GET SOME OF DAVE'S PIE!
HE SHORE DESERVES IT!



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The chief turned slowly back to the fire and remained motionless, deep in some memory of the past. The warriors had gone, but the lodge was still aglow with their talk of great battles and great hunts. It wasn't until a young man edged forward out of the shadows that the still figure finally stirred and looked up.

"Yes, my Son?"

"Father," the boy said, "I shall never forget the tales I have heard here tonight, and other nights."

The chief nodded. "It is intended so. Such tales will fill your heart with pride and bravery."

"But there is one tale of which they never speak," the youth continued. "I have asked others for it, but they tell me that I should hear it only from your lips, my Father."

"You are young, Son," the chief said. He frowned. "There are many tales as yet untold, but there will come a time when you shall hear them all." He turned back to the fire once more.

The boy stepped forward, nervous yet determined. "It is true, Father, that I am young. But am I not old enough to hear the tale I most want to hear, the tale most important to me, your son — the tale of your strange name?"

Secretly pleased at the boy's question, the chief glanced up. Masking his pride behind a stern parental expression, he studied the tough, sinewy body, the clear, unafraid eyes, and the square, determined jaw.

"Yes, my Son," the chief said finally, his mouth relaxing into a warm smile. "I think you are old enough. Your body speaks of manhood, as do your eyes and your manner." He chuckled unexpectedly. "I have been waiting many moons for this question."

Relieved, the boy sat down on the robes and looked up expectantly.

"Many summers ago," the chief began, "when I was a boy as you, I had a pet, even as most Indian boys do today. In our own village, I know now of a racoon, a bear cub, a rabbit and a fawn, all pets."

The boy nodded, thinking of his own little rabbit.

"I, too, had a pet," the chief resumed. "It was a crow."

"A CROW?" the boy exclaimed.

"I can understand your surprise," the chief went on, "for the Crows were our enemies then, as now. And all the village, the old people as well as my young companions, complained bitterly to my father that I should have as a pet a reminder of the hated enemy. But my father, who was great and wise, replied only that the problem, like all problems, would solve itself.

"So, despite the taunts of playmates and elders, even of my own brothers, I kept my unusual pet. Soon I was able to take away the thong tied to his leg. We had become so attached that he would rest on my shoulder for long periods.

"When I played games, he perched in a nearby tree, chattering encouragement. At my command, he would fly straight to the lodge of my best friend, Buffalo Child, and wait for my return. When I went hunting in the forest, he flew overhead. We were inseparable.

"Then, one day, he pecked a boy who had been teasing him unmercifully.

"The outcry against my crow, long de-

spised by most of the village, was such that my father had to tell me to release him. He gave me until sundown to do so.

"I was heartbroken. After giving him a last visit with Buffalo Child, his only other friend in the village, I took him on a long, long walk. I wanted to take him so far he could never find me again, for I feared some of my tribe might do him harm.

"Finally, atop a great mountain, I let him fly away. He thought it one of our usual games. But I, aching with sadness, knew it was farewell.

"Then, as I stood there watching him climb and soar and glide, I saw a party of warriors emerge from a forest to the north — our enemies, the Crows!

"And they were headed in the direction of our village, on a raid!

"I knew by their position they had passed our northern scout. Later I learned they had surprised and killed him. Worst of all, however, I knew I never could reach the village ahead of them.

"I think," the chief said softly, "that was the most sad and lonely moment of my life, as I stood there watching our enemies sneak toward my unsuspecting family, my friends, my people!

"At that very moment, my pet crow, the pet I had intended to abandon, landed on my shoulder.

"And I knew what I must do."

The boy leaned forward, face taut with excitement. "What, Father? What did you do?"

"First," the chief said, "I took my knife and peeled a piece of bark from a silver birch. From that, I separated the smallest, thinnest, lightest portion. On that, with the point of my knife, I drew a picture-warning, pictures which showed the party of Crows approaching our village from the North, along the river. And I signed my mark, a picture of a young elk, for I was known as 'Little Elk' then."

"'Little Elk'?" the boy asked. "But your name now —?"

"I am coming to that," the chief smiled. "Then," he continued, "I rolled up that sliver of birch and tied it to the leg of my pet."

"A message!" the boy said.

"Yes," the chief nodded. "For a moment, my pet crow pecked at the message, screaming protests at the unfamiliar little weight on his leg. I began to shake with fear, afraid he would tear it off. I talked to him soothingly, as I always had when teaching him a new trick.

"And, holding my breath, I gave him the command, 'Home!'

"He pecked at the birch message but once more, then abandoned the attempt and soared into the sky, toward our village."

"Did he make it?" the boy demanded. "Was the message still on his leg when he got there? Did he get there in time? Please, Father!"

The chief smiled benignly. "Yes, my Son, the story has a happy ending. My pet flew straight to the lodge of my friend, Buffalo Child, who pulled off the funny little piece of birch, read the message, and warned the village." He chuckled again. "It was one of our greatest victories against the Crows!"

He laid a loving hand on the boy's shoulder. "After that, no one ever complained about my bird. In truth, he became fat and lazy from my friends' constant offers of food. And one fine day, he flew away with a sleek little mate.

"But that, my Son," he added, "is why your father, chief of a tribe where the very name of Crow has always been hated and despised, was renamed and given the strange title, 'Crow-Leg'!"

THE
Great Buffalo Hunt
RUNNING CIRCLE KILL MANY BUFFALO WITH BOW AND ARROW. LAME BULL! CHIEF SAY HIM BEST HUNTER IN TRIBE!
CHIEF WRONG! SWIFT DEER WILL SEE!
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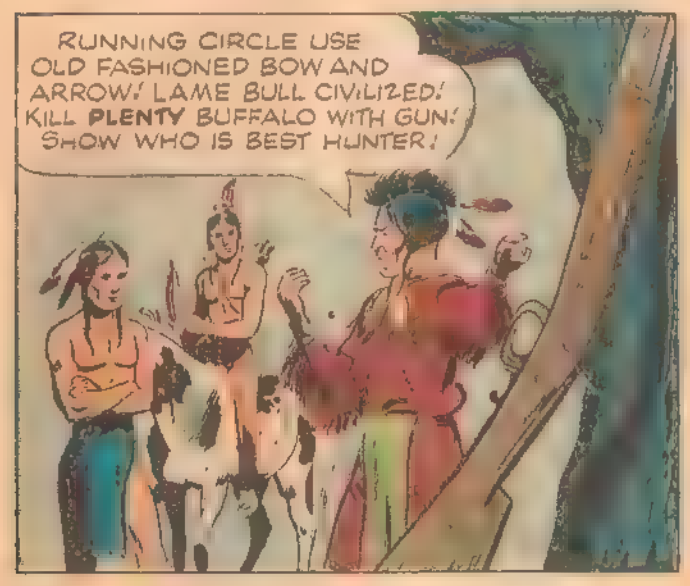
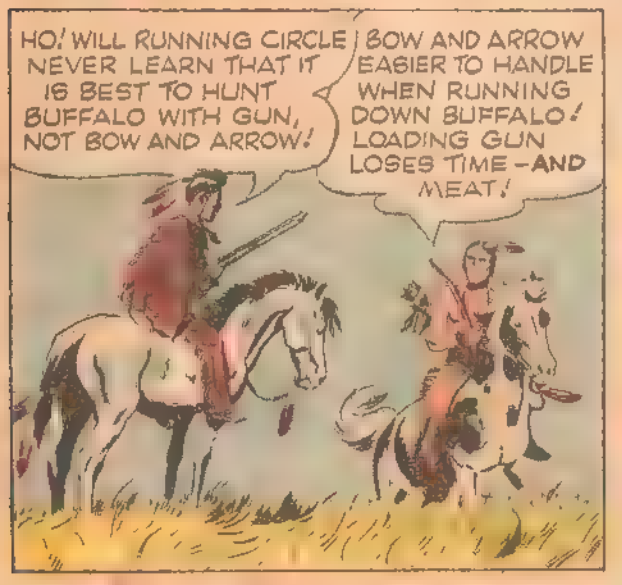
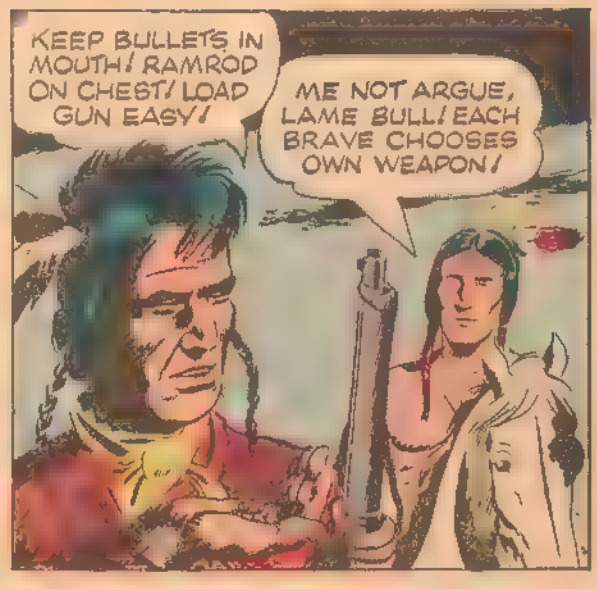
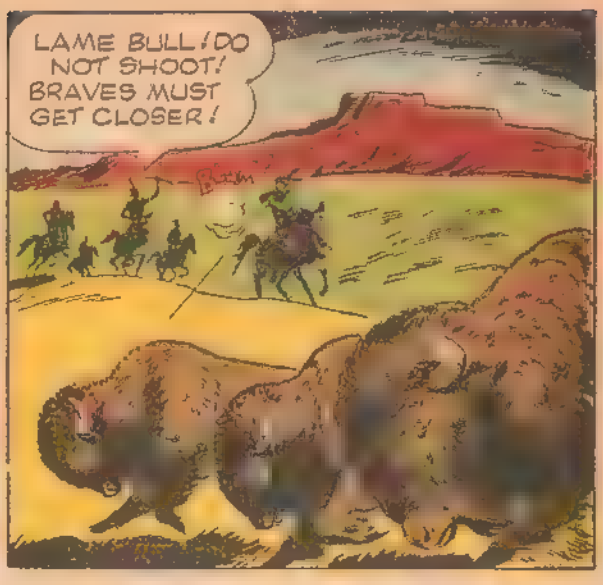
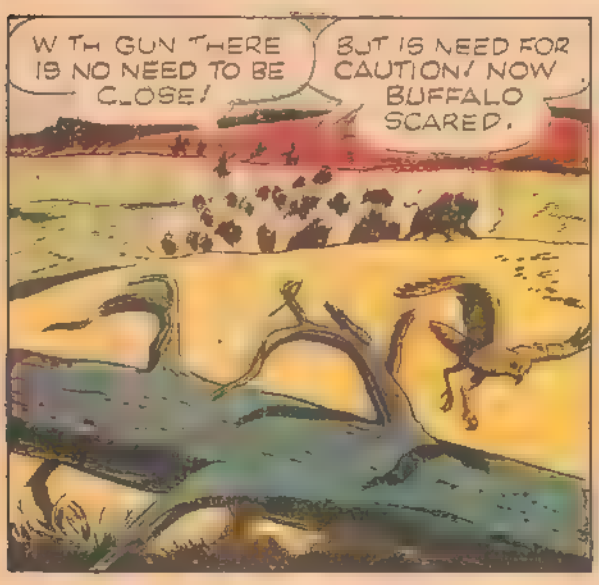

RUNNING CIRCLE USE OLD FASHIONED BOW AND ARROW! LAME BULL CIVILIZED! KILL **PLENTY** BUFFALO WITH GUN! SHOW WHO IS BEST HUNTER!

SNOWS COME SOON! TR.BE NEED MEAT AND SKINS! IT DOES NOT MATTER **WHO** BRING **MOST**! . . . WHAT MATTERS IS THAT TRIBE HAVE BUFFALO MEAT TO SURVIVE!


HO! WILL RUNNING CIRCLE NEVER LEARN THAT IT IS BEST TO HUNT BUFFALO WITH GUN, NOT BOW AND ARROW!
BOW AND ARROW EASIER TO HANDLE WHEN RUNNING DOWN BUFFALO! LOADING GUN LOSES TIME—AND MEAT!


KEEP BULLETS IN MOUTH! RAMROD ON CHEST! LOAD GUN EASY!
ME NOT ARGUE, LAME BULL! EACH BRAVE CHOOSES OWN WEAPON!

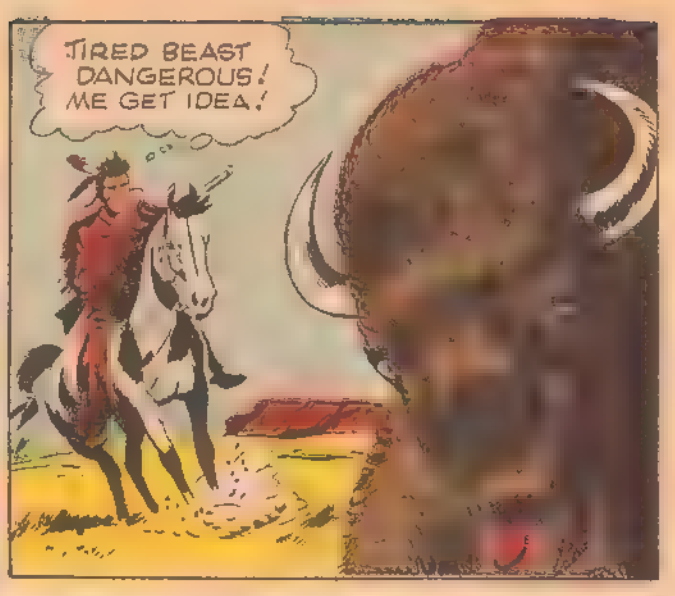


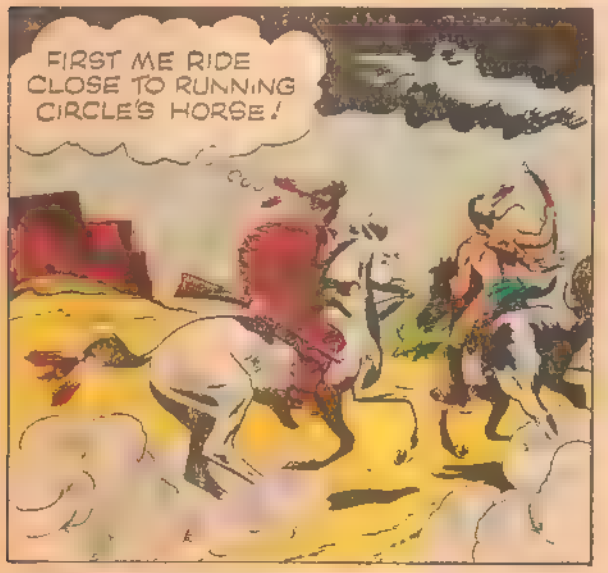


AS THE WOUNDED BUFFALO CHARGES-

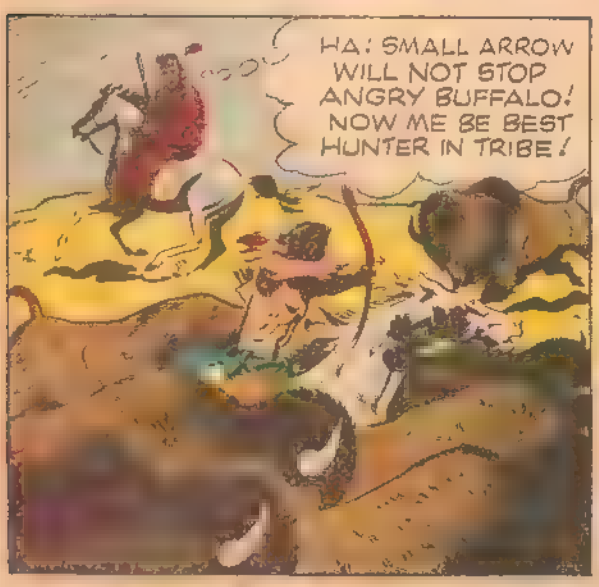
RUNNING CIRCLE'S WELL-TRAINED PINTO PONY LEAPS ASIDE . . .

AI! BUFFALO GROW WEARY WITH RUNNING!

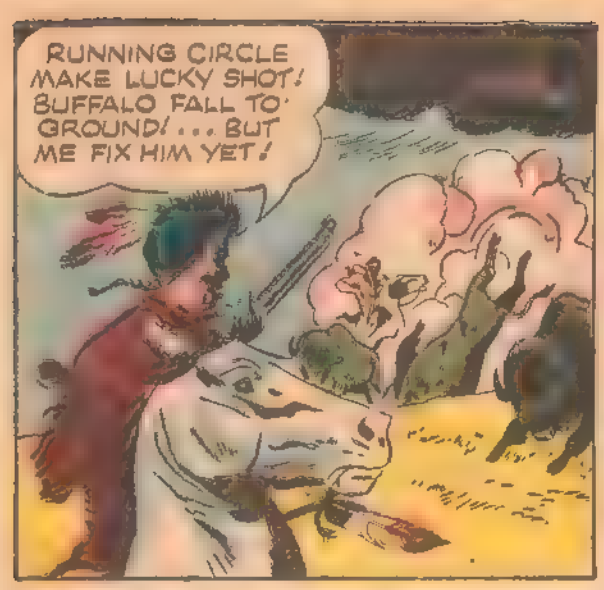

TIRED BEAST DANGEROUS! ME GET IDEA!


FIRST ME RIDE CLOSE TO RUNNING CIRCLE'S HORSE!

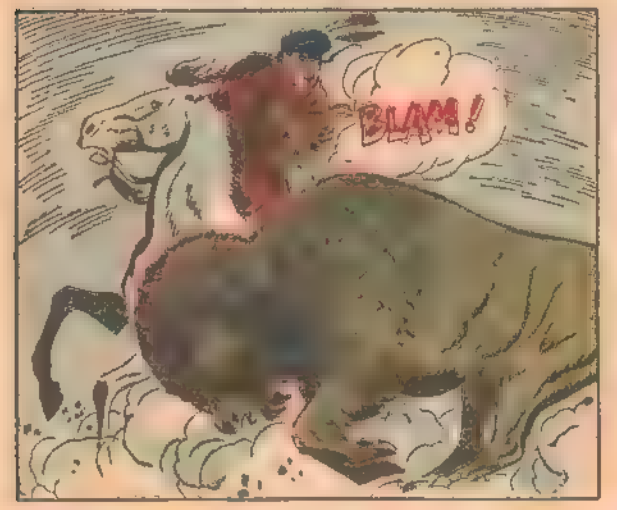
THEN TURN HIM TOWARD BUFFALO!
AI-EEE!


HA! SMALL ARROW WILL NOT STOP ANGRY BUFFALO! NOW ME BE BEST HUNTER IN TRIBE!

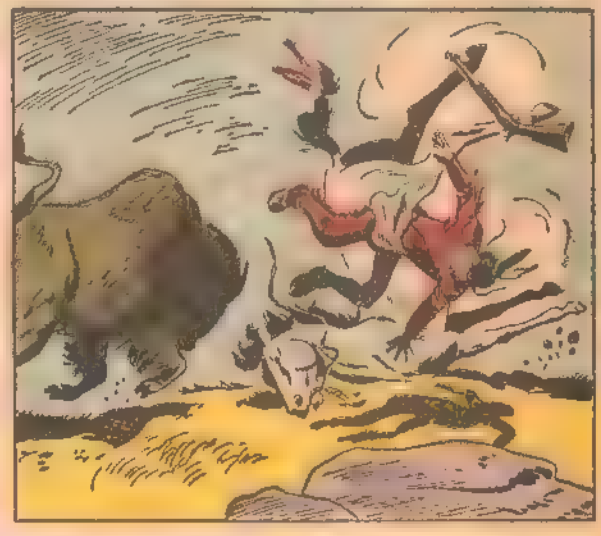
AIEE! ARROW FIND MARK!

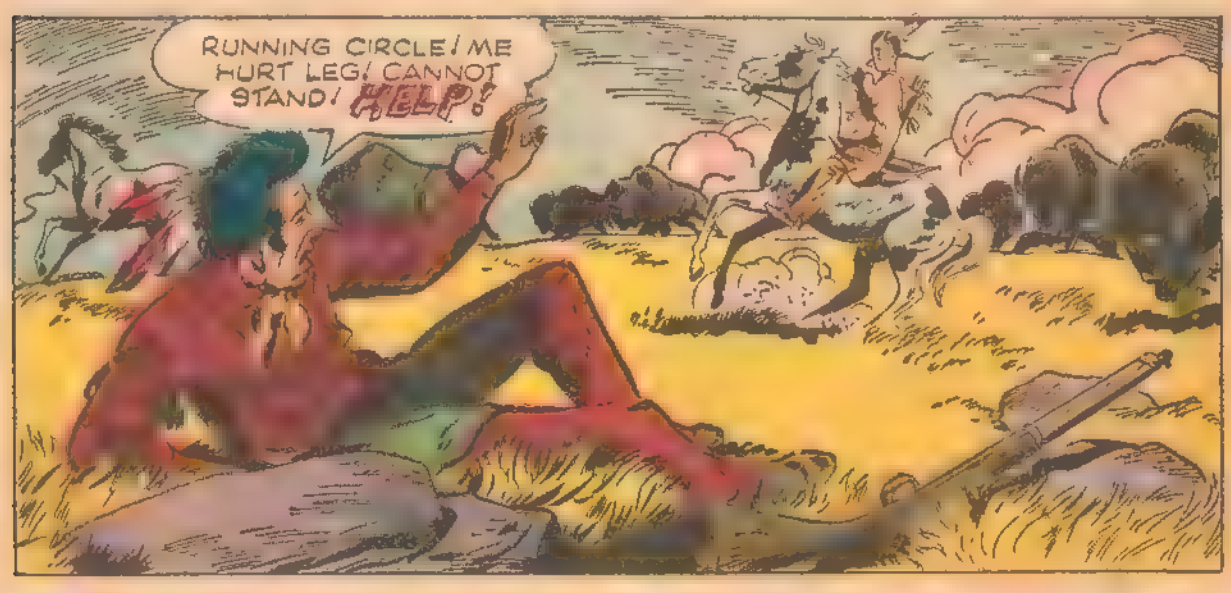


IN HIS HASTE, LAME BULL ONLY WOUNDS THE BEAST. . . .

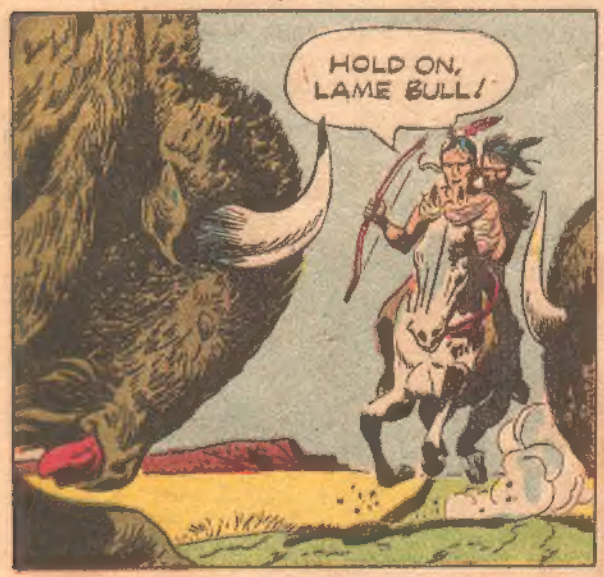


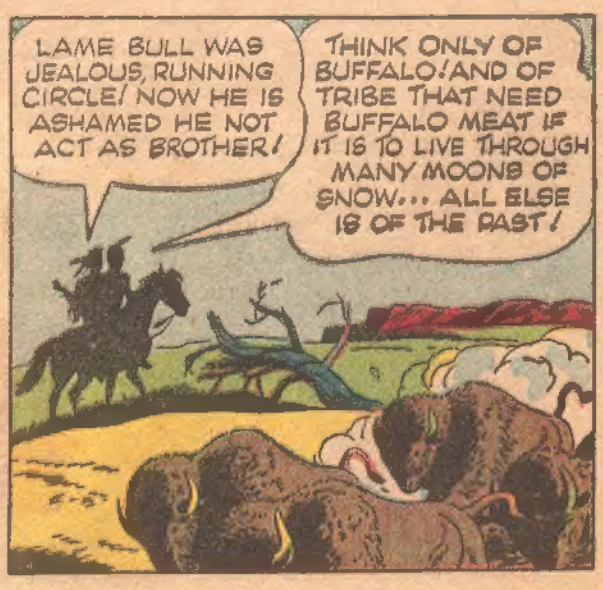
AND, AS IT CHARGES, HIS PONY SLIPS!

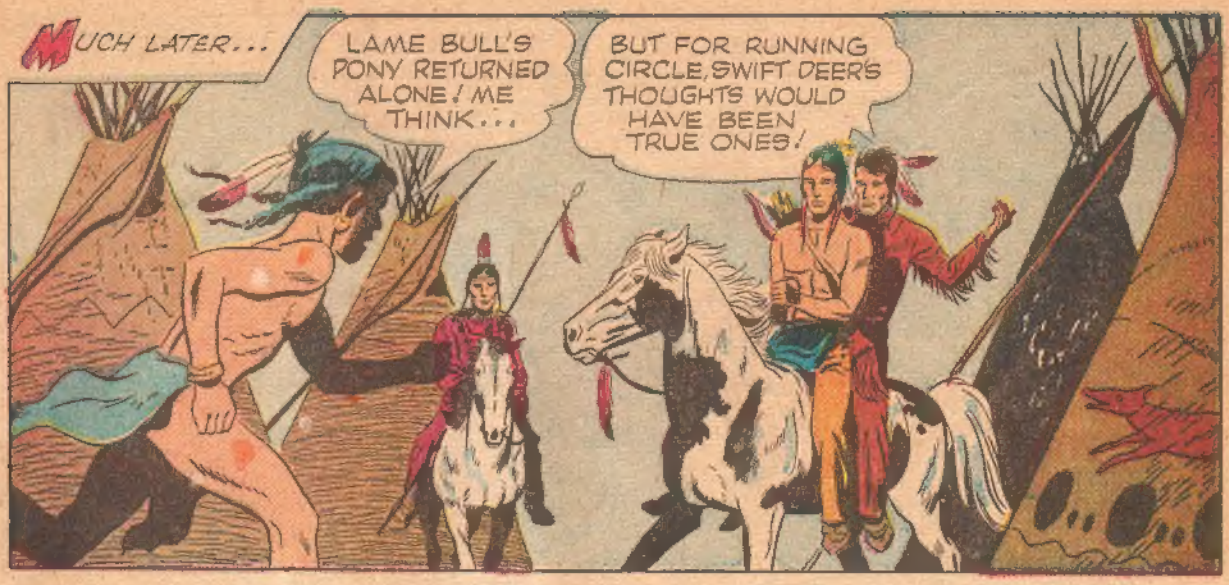


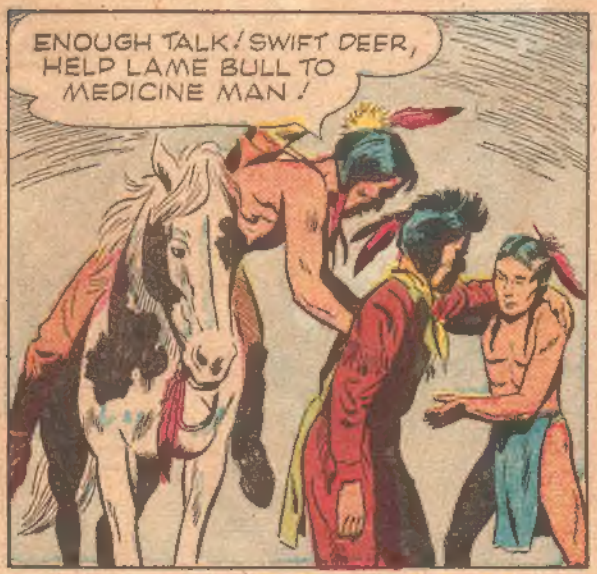


RUNNING CIRCLE MAKES A DARING RESCUE!




LAME BULL WAS JEALOUS, RUNNING CIRCLE! NOW HE IS ASHAMED HE NOT ACT AS BROTHER!
THINK ONLY OF BUFFALO! AND OF TRIBE THAT NEED BUFFALO MEAT IF IT IS TO LIVE THROUGH MANY MOONS OF SNOW... ALL ELSE IS OF THE PAST!


MUCH LATER...
LAME BULL'S PONY RETURNED ALONE! ME THINK...
BUT FOR RUNNING CIRCLE, SWIFT DEER'S THOUGHTS WOULD HAVE BEEN TRUE ONES!


ENOUGH TALK! SWIFT DEER, HELP LAME BULL TO MEDICINE MAN!

IT IS BAD THAT LEG IS HURT!
NO, SWIFT DEER! IS JUST PAYMENT FOR EVIL THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS!

AND STILL LATER...
GREAT SPIRIT SMILES ON TRIBE! WE HAVE MUCH MEAT, MANY SKINS - AND GREATEST OF ALL HUNTERS... RUNNING CIRCLE!

WHO IS ALSO BRAVEST!
LAME BULL AGAIN WALKS RIGHT TRAIL IN MIND! AGAIN WE ARE AS BROTHERS!

INDIAN SNOW SNAKE

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One of the most popular winter games among Indians, all the way from the Far North to the Great Plains of the West, is called "snow snake." The game is played with simple wooden spears, which are carved and painted to represent the head of a snake.

Indian snow snakes vary in length from four to ten feet. To make your own snow snake, secure a piece of wood four feet long by two inches wide by one inch thick. Hickory or ash is preferred, but any good wood will do.

At one end of the stick carve out the snake's head, to resemble the one shown in the drawing at the bottom of this page. Then with a plane, trim down the stick's two-inch width to about one inch. Next, smooth and wax the bottom surface.

Finally, [redacted] the snake's head, and decorate the [redacted] and sides with bright colors so that it will stand out against the snow.

The snow snake is thrown in a shallow groove, or runway, made by drawing a log through the snow. Sprinkle the runway with water and allow it to freeze to provide a slick surface for the gliding snakes.

Hold the snake lightly by the tail end and parallel to the ground, bend slightly forward, and send it gliding along the runway with a long sweeping throw. Cast it for distance, since the snake that goes farthest wins one point for its thrower.

The game is best played with two teams, with four to six players on each team. In team games, an additional point is allowed in the event one side throws the snake farther than all the players on the other side. All players must hold and throw the snake alike, as explained above. No player is permitted to deviate from the sweeping underhand throw.

During summertime the game may be played while swimming, by skipping the snake along the surface of the water.

LITTLE BEAVER By FRED HARMAN